THE PERRYSBURG JOURNAL.

VOL. III. PERRYSBURG, OHIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1855. NO. 12.

All About Names.

In the Edinburg Quarterly we find a chapter on names, which is as curious as it is interesting, and we fain would introduce our readers to it.

The author assumes, what is familiar to every student of history, that in early times man possessed but one name; then, when those of the same name became too numerous the addition was made of the name of the town or locality in which he lived, as for instance, John of Monmouth, William of Normandy, &c.; then, as time and people progressed, the occupation was added, as John the smith, William the cooper, &c.; and finally the appellation of man became of a two fold character, and John the smith became John Smith, William the cooper became William Cooper. Thus each family name *has* its history and it is as easily read as a Dutch almanac.

Most of the surnames are traceable to some such ancient origin of local habitation or profession. Of those names derived from residence may be classed those of Church, Hill, Dale, Carr, Combe, Cape, Craig, Cliff, Pitt, Flood, Hayes, Park, Holt, Hope, Warren, Wear, Green, Grove, Wood, Shaw, Lane, Street, and divers others. These of themselves are void of any signification, with reference to the condition in life of those who first assumed them. They only hint that the progenitor of the stock first won his appellation from his peculiar residence.

Without doubt the greatest number of surnames is from the occupation of our plebeian fathers of the distant time. For instance, you, our respectable friend, Mr. Smith,

"From whence came Smith, all, be he knight or
But from the smith that forgeth at the fire?"[squire,

And so in fact of you, or dear friends, Taylor, Turner, Baker, Cook, Cooper, Clark, &c. The great number of the family of Smith seems to be owing to this, that the smith of the age when surnames first became hereditary, included in his mystery the work which wheelwright, cartwright, and other wrights afterwards performed. Sometimes we have the good old English Smith corrupted into Smythe, just as Simon the cobler in "Lucian," when he grew rich, called himself Simonides. When such a Smith or Smythe takes his name from his furnace, it has sometimes been changed successively by his *wealthier* descendants into the more aristocratic Furniss, Furnice, and Furness. Such traits of human nature have been frequently observed in this matter of nomenclature, and they are not wanting in this very day.

Another *genus* comprises descriptive names, or such as were originally applied to denote bodily peculiarities and mental qualities. Of these latter are Good, Goodman, Best, Sage, Wise, Meek, Moody, Joyce, Savage, Quick. The abstract is sometimes used for the concrete, as Luck, Justice, Virtue, Joye, Bliss, &c. Those surnames derived from bodily peculiarities are comprehensible even to the uneducated. Every one understands the meaning of Bigg, Little or Liddell, Long, Longman, Prettyman, Short, Crump, and Armstrong. So too, with Shanks, Hand, Foot, Lightfoot, and the like. Some, and they are not few, names were assumed from some bodily characteristic, such as we have just mentioned; and occasionally were used in our mother country centuries prior to the Norman conquest, and long before surnames were hereditary. Of these are White and Black, the oldest names, and if the rule upon which aristocracy is based be correct, the most noble in the language. The writer in the Review says: "Beda, in his account of the missionary efforts among the Saxons, refers to persons named Hewald, who were distinguished as Hewald Black and Hewald White." Of this same class may be mentioned the Greys, Greens, Browns, &c. Also the characteristic names of Sharp, Blunt, Quick, Dull, &c.

Many have their appellation associated with the animal and vegetable kingdoms; whether they are presumed to assimilate to the characteristics of such an association is not stated by the writer. Instance Berne and Bear and Baur from the bear, while Wolf, Fox, and those of like nature can be easily traced. To represent minerals we have Steele, Salt, Gould, Glass, &c. While the vegetable world finds its representatives in Primrose, Lilly, Rose, Ashe, Lind, Crab, Appleton, Wheaton, Wheatly, Riley, &c.

The twelve largest families of the English race are those known under the names of Smith, Jones, Williams, Taylor, Brown, Davies, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, Johnson, Robinson and Wilson, all of which except three (Smith, Taylor and Brown) are derived from patronymics. Each christian name gives rise to a variety of derivative surnames. Among those from Henry, are Harrison, Harris, Hawes and Hawkins. Elias produces Ellison, Elicy, Ellis, Elliot and Elliotson. From David we have Davies, Davidson, Davy, Dawes, Dawson and Dawkins. From Hugh, or the Scottish Hew, we have Hughes, Huggins, Hugginson, Hewett, Hewson, Hewison, Hewlett. From Nicholas we have Nicholson, Nixon, Cole, Collet, Collins, &c. In olden times the diminutives of baptismal names were much used, and derivatives are frequently formed from such diminutives. Thus from Benjamin came Ben, and the derivative Benson; from Gregory, Gregg and Grayson; from Jeffry, Jeff and Jefferson; from Gilbert, Gibb, Gibson and Gibbon; from Matthew, Matson, Matthews and Matteson; from Samuel, Sams and Sampson; from Simon, Sims and Simpson; from Bartholomew, Batts, Batson, Bates and Batteson, from Richard, Richardson, Dick and Dixon. Sometimes the feminine derivatives are used, as Nelson from Nelly, Pattison from Patty, and so on to the end.

We have but briefly touched upon the theme, but enough has been given to show the subject to be a curious one, as it is one of personal interest, in that each one is thus able to look over the long vista of years and see from whence he sprang.—[San. Register.

Railroad Poetry.—A correspondent of the Broome County Republican describes his jaunt over the Syracuse & Binghamton railroad, from Cartland, in the following poetical strain:

So much I wrote in Cartland's bounds—
and would have finished there, had not the
down train whistle resounded in the air. So
shaking Fairchild by the hand, who said
come up again, I bid farewell to every fear
and jumped upon the train. Rushing round
the hill side, darting o'er the plain, over the
rivers, under roads, Van Bergen drove his
train. The moon threw bright effulgent rays,
on each small ripple's crest; the river seemed a ribbon stretched, along the meadow's
breast; the evening wind came stealing thro'
the car with gentle sigh, and brought a cinder
from the engine, spang into my eye; few
and short were the prayers I said, and I spoke
not a word of sorrow, but I rubbed at my
eye till I made it red, and I knew 'twould
be sore on the morrow. We soon got home
at the rate we ran, at an hour just right for
retiring, and down from his post came the
engine man, and the fireman ceased his firing. And thus I too will cease with this, a
moral to the tale—be always sure to "mind
your eye," when riding on a rail!

Origin of the word Sebastopol.—There was formerly a Roman emperor called Augustus, which being made Greek becomes *Sebastos*—both signifying *venerable* or *worshipful*. The Greek for "city" is *polis* and *Sebastopolis*, or *Sebastopol*, a word compounded of these, means the *City of Augustus*. In like manner Constantinople was named from the emperor Constantine, and Adrianople from the emperor Adrian.

Harry Sampson obtains Revenge.

Mr. Snarl resides in Forsyth street. Mr. Snarl is an old bachelor, with an Irish girl for a housekeeper. Snarl lives in good style, but has some queer notions. He dislikes dogs above all things, organ-grinders and beggars not excepted.

Snarl's next door neighbor is Harry Sampson. Now Harry is the very opposite of old Mr. Snarl. He sets a high value on a dog, and thinks there is only one article equal to a Newfoundlander, and that's a woman. Harry has several specimens of the canine race. The other evening they got up a howling match because the moon was eclipsed. They commenced about ten o'clock, and kept it up till the sun got an inch and a half above Williamsburg.

This so annoyed Mr. Snarl that he had Harry jerked up "for a nuisance" and fined $10. Harry paid the money, but resolved on revenge. The next morning the following advertisement appeared in the Herald:

Wanted—At Forsyth-street, two Bull Dogs and four Spaniel pups. For full-blooded Dogs the highest price will be paid. Call between 4 and 6 P. M. JAMES SNARL.

We need not say that the advertisement was inserted by Harry. His reason for making the calls between 4 and 6 P. M. was, because Mr. Snarl was always out at that hour, taking an airing around the Battery.

At the hour specified, dogs and pups might have been seen going up the Bowery to Grand, to Forsyth, and up Forsyth to the mansion occupied by Mr. Snarl.

The first person that pulled the door-bell was a butcher-boy from Center Market, with a pair of bull-dogs that would "tear h— out of a tiger." Maggie answered the bell, when the following colloquy took place:

"Does Mr. Snarl live here?"

"He does. Why do you ax?"

"I've got some dogs for him."

"Dogs for Mr. Snarl—mother of Moses did you ever? you've mistook the door."

"Divil a bit of it—read that."

Here Syksie took out the Morning Herald, and showed Maggie the advertisement. Maggie was thunderstruck, still there was "no denying the advertisement." She accordingly told Syksie to go in the back yard "wid the dogs," and await the return of Mr. Snarl. Syksie did so. In about two minutes Maggie was again summoned by the door-bell.

"What do you want?"

"Mr. Snarl; I've got them dogs he wanted."

"You have; well then go into the yard wid the other blackguard."

No. 2 followed No. 1; No. 2 was followed by No. 3, who was succeeded by lots 5, 6 and 7. By half-past five the back yard contained 21 bull-dogs and 14 spaniels. The former got up a misunderstanding, and by the time Mr. Snarl arrived, 7 spaniels had been placed *hors du combat*, while a brindle bull-dog from Fulton Market was going through his third fight with "a yaller terrier" from Nott-street.

Mr. Snarl reached home a few minutes before six. Maggie opened the door, and burst out as follows:

"For the love of the Lord go back and stop 'em. They are ateing one another up, and if not choked off will devour the cestern. Since the days of Crummell, I've not seen such a hullabaloo intirely."

Snarl "went back"—Snarl looked into the yard and would have sworn, but he could not find oaths sufficiently powerful to do justice to his feelings. When we left, Mr. Snarl was emptying "the back yard" with an axhelve. The next morning Harry Sampson complained of him for having a "dog fight" on his premises. Snarl was fined $25, $15 for being "an old hypocrite." It is not necessary for us to say that Harry Sampson slept better that night, than any night since the war with Mexico.—[N. Y. paper.